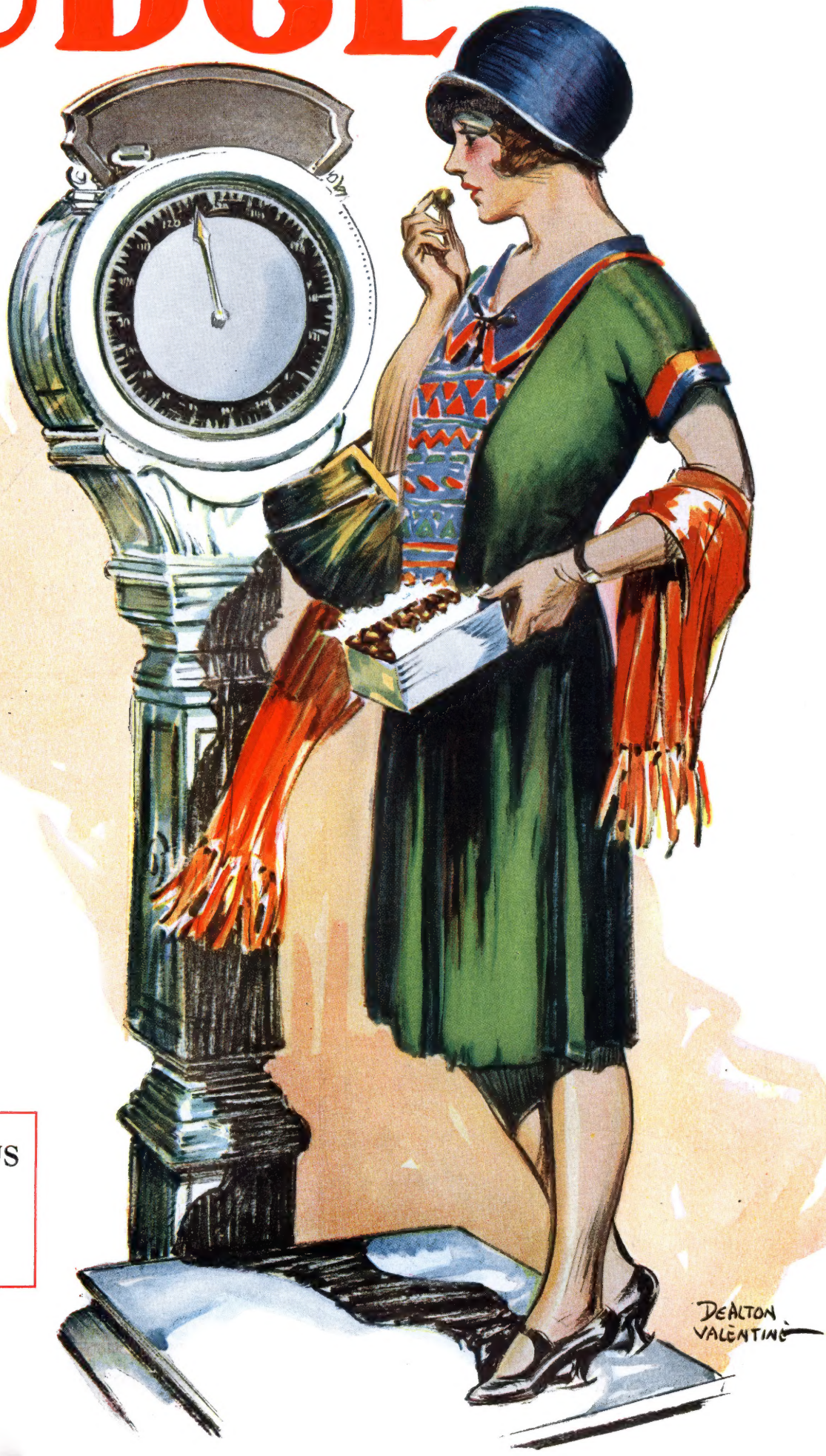
JUDGE

SEPTEMBER 12, 1925
PRICE 15 CENTS



DANGEROUS
CURVES
AHEAD!

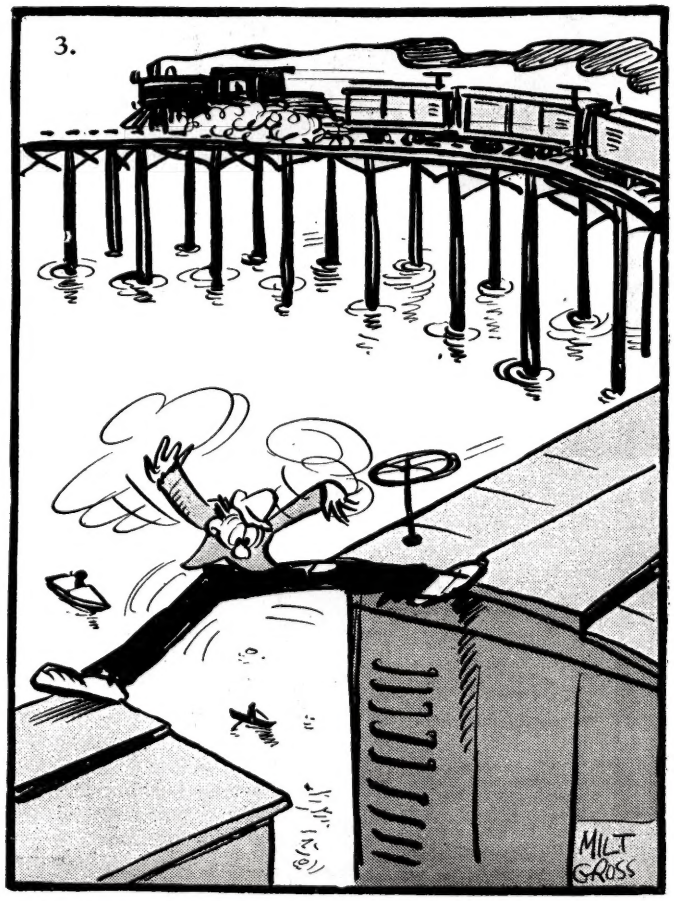
DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred.

Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes September 21. Winning ending appears in the issue of October 10.



Contest No. 7.

4.

JUDGE, Volume 89, No. 2289, September 12, 1925. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1925 by Leslie-Judge Co., in the U. S. and Great Britain; Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Ass't Treasurer and Ass't Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary; 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.
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JUDGE

WANTS TO KNOW—

WHY policemen are allowed to stop traffic to sell benefit tickets?

WHY actors don't stop acting when they leave the theater?

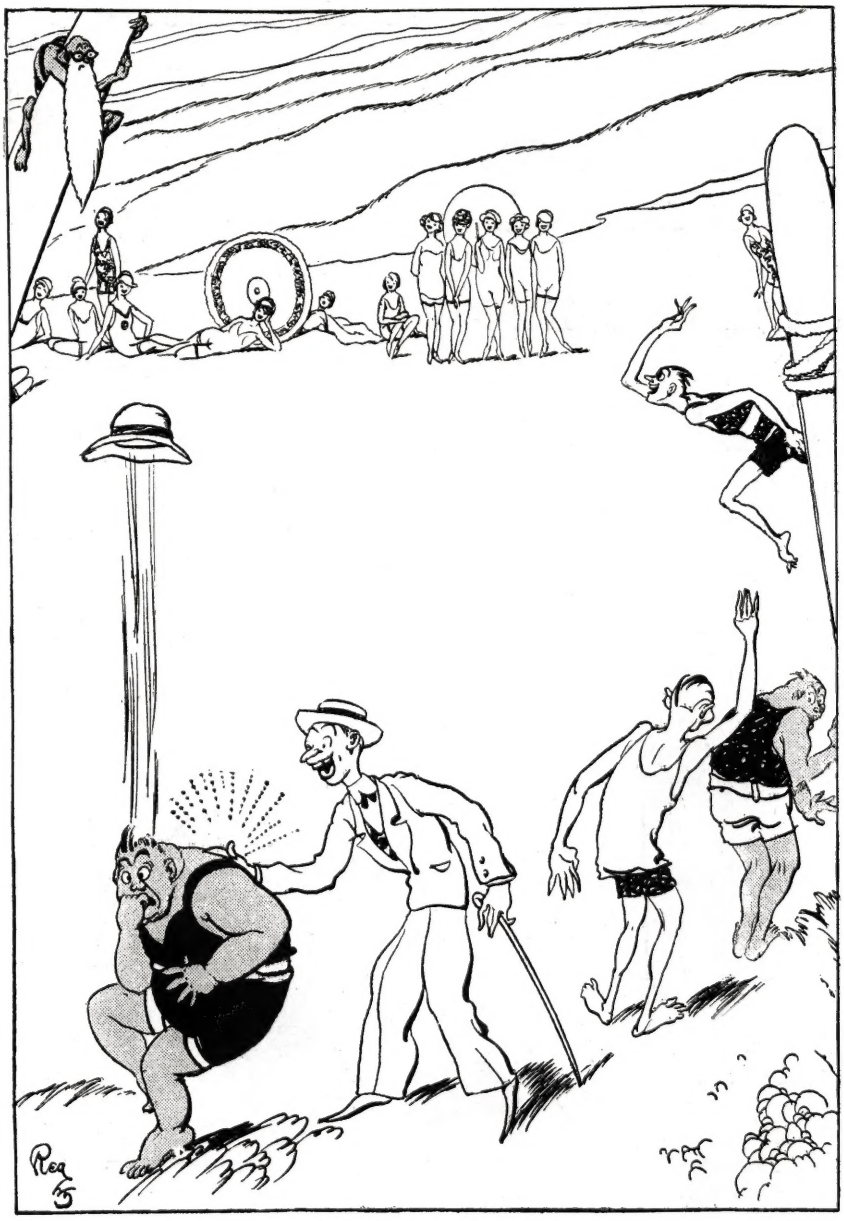
WHAT Henry Ford is getting up in the air about?

WHY they don't build a bridge across the English Channel and let 'em walk over?

WHAT'S happened to this year's coal strike?

IF the appointment of Andrews is going to affect the price of Scotch?

HOSTESS—*Once you're married you'll settle down like we all do.*
GUEST—*I know—isn't it all too ghastly!*



MODERN ORDEALS

Testing the faith of sunburned Christian Scientists.

Ballads of a Husband

On Good Behavior

MY WIFE is very kind to me,
There is no finer girl than she,
She is as sweet as she can be—
But only when we've company.

R. C. O'B.

Funnybones

Ford could name his cars Pyorrhea now. Four out of every five has one.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

The Mayor of Bradley Beach, New Jersey, has banned Charleston dancing because he says so many cases of broken shins have been reported. Obviously just another case of political protection for the lower joints.

KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Pompous"

"Don't answer him—I think he is trying to pompous."

EPILAUGHS

The moon shines down on John Smith's tomb,
And mournful breezes blow.
But John sees not the moonshine now,
And he always loved it so!

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Situations Wanted

SIX-DAY bicycle rider wants work Sundays. Ambitious.

Valet, at present unemployed and sober, seeks work. Can also butle.

Domino instructor, sixty-five years' experience, will teach the fascinating game to anybody. Write for appointment. Rate, two cents a spot.

Cornetist, extra loud, will practice in any apartment for a flat rate of $1 per spasm. Just the thing if you have any musically inclined neighbors that you want to get hunk on.

Man, stone deaf, would like to hear of something good.

R. C. O'Brien

Venice

I've heard of the wonders of Venice,
I've heard and I don't mean perhaps,
From my wife who is there and she writes me
About sheiky Venetian chaps.

I've heard of the wonders of Venice
And by Venice I do not mean Rome,
But what I would know about Venice
Is Venice my wife coming home?

Jack Shuttleworth

PHOTOGRAPHER—*Say, will you people subscribe for a new chandelier for our church?*

FOURTH MAN FROM THE LEFT—*Yeh, but where you gonna get somebody to play on it once you get it?*

EPILAUGHS

A cameraman
Lies buried thar.
He got in the path
Of a shooting star.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Notice Outside Church

To-night at 8—Debate.
Fundamentalism *vs.* Liberalism.
Free-for-all.

The Dumb-bell

THE stars were very bright; the night was very romantic. The young lovers were driving down a moonlit country road. She breathed deeply, thrilled by the beauty of it all. They reached a particularly secluded spot. He stopped the car. She looked at him shyly, expectantly. He took out his cigarettes, lit one, and drove on.

Then he wondered why she returned his ring.

***

A New York taxi driver returned $10,000 worth of jewelry left in his cab within an hour. He's probably the same one who knows which are one way streets, what the traffic signals mean, always has change, knows the geography of the city, operates a really "lowest rate" cab and knows which side of the street the even numbers are on.

FIRST SUBURBANITE—*What time are you due at your office?*
"Exactly five minutes before breakfast!"

PLUMBER—*Dang these flimsy houses! A feller hardly dast throw down his tools proper when a strike is called.*

On the Tour

Teacher—What was the charge at Gettysburg?

The Kid—Thirty dollars, and pa called the garage man a robber.

***

I don't care who makes the laws of the nation, as long as I can violate them.

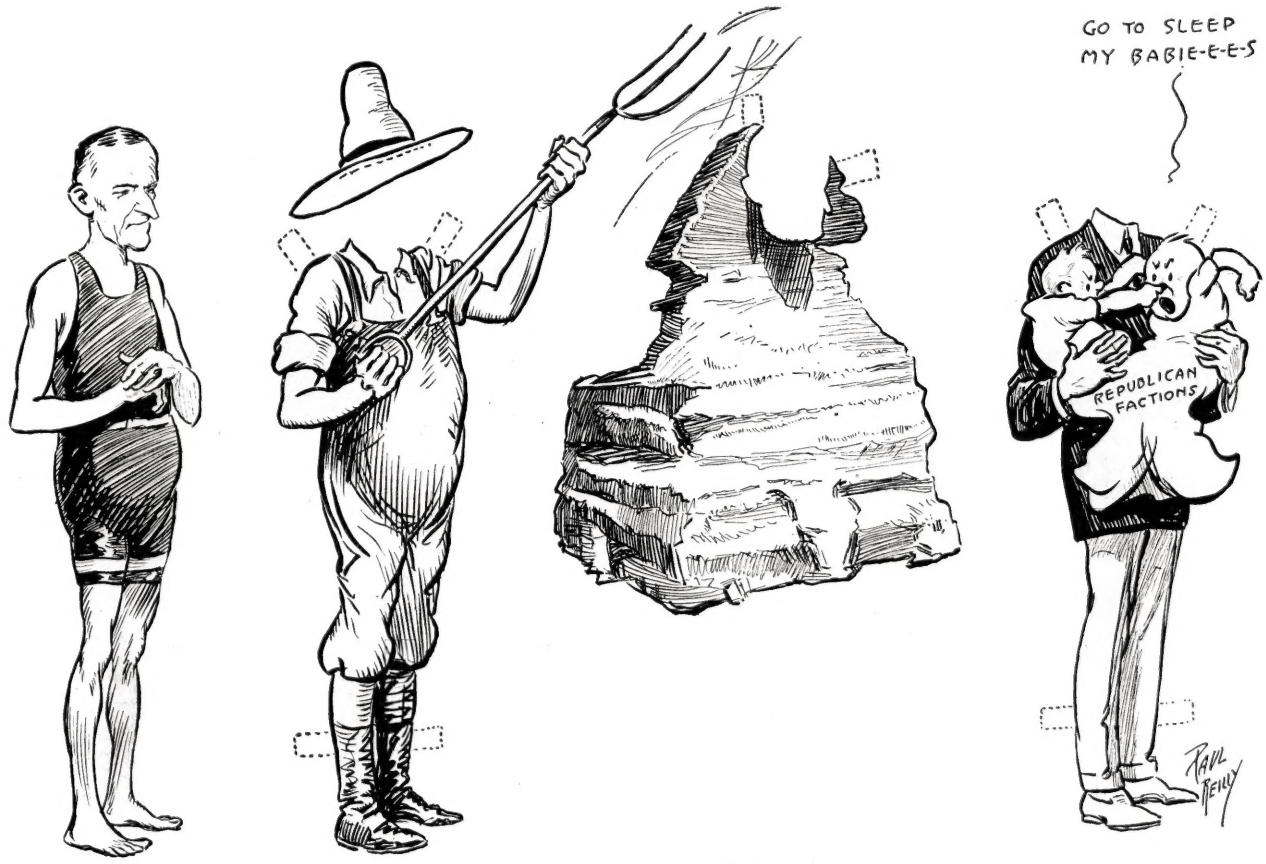
KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word South Dakota"

"I had a girl in Tennessee an went South Dakota."

JUMP!
WHO GIVED THE BABY MY HALO TO GO BITE OFF'N?
I WISH I HAD ME HAT BACK! THIS THING'S GOT AN AWFUL DRAFT.
HOW MUCH WILL YA TAKE FOR IT? I'M MAKIN' A WAGON.
NIX! I HAD AN AWFUL TIME GETTIN' THIS.
Pop Crosby

IF GOOD LITTLE BOYS REALLY WORE HALOS



CUT-OUTS FOR THE KIDDERS

Sh! Little readers! This is President C-------e. Quiet, please!

Crossing the Boarder

"I'M DISGUSTED with this place," petulantly complained the summer boarder to old Hezekiah Jones, proprietor of the Hog Hollow Farm, tourists and transients accommodated.

"What do ye mean?" questioned Hez, pausing to insert a new diamond stud in his full dress shirt. "Ain't I giving you folks from the city nice fresh vegetables and fruits? Don't I give ye new milk from the cow every morning?"

"That's the trouble," complained the boarder. "I know this used to be all right at summer resorts in the country years and years ago, but we've been educated to believe that your vegetables come from the city in cans and that you get your milk from the city every morning on the milk trains. With that idea in mind I came up here. Now, to my disgust, I find that you raise your own vegetables and that your milk comes from the cow back there in the yard."

Farmer Jones regarded his boarder with a queer look. "What manner of man be ye, anyhow?" questioned the old-timer. "Don't ye prefer fresh stuff instead of gettin' it in cans from the city?"

The boarder looked about and saw they were quite alone. "Personally I do," he said. "But you see I am a humorist and what are we going to do next summer for ideas if you farmers really don't get your 'fresh' vegetables and fruit from the city. Oh, please, please get them from the city," he begged, sinking to his knees before the old farmer.

"Can ye keep a secret?" whispered the farmer.

"Yes," answered the summer boarder.

"We *do* get all our stuff from the city, but I pretend that we raise it ourself," muttered the farmer, as a tear coursed down his cheek.

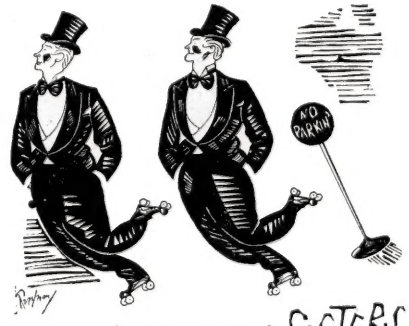
"Saved, saved!" muttered the boarder. "There *is* a Santa Claus."

Hugh Wood

Funnybones

Elijah went to heaven in a chariot. Look what Henry's sending them in.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed



THE DOLLY SISTERS

"Yes, Danzig, it's interesting to think of the two skeletons hidden away around here."

"What! Why—why, Plushface, where are they?"

"Inside of us, m' dear, inside of us."

"She seems keen—there must be something more than meets the eye about the youth."
"Something more than meets the I. O. U.'s will be nearer the reason."

Our quarter-back has a rush of blood to the head and elopes with the Prexy's daughter.

The Vacationist

HE WAS a tall, sunburned youth. "The shooting in Scotland this summer was not up to what it has been," he nonchalantly remarked to the admiring office force who clustered about him. "The grouse, pheasants and partridge have been exceedingly elusive. They tell me that they have not had a very successful season at Monte Carlo, while the bathing at Nice has been excellent. The Canadian Rockies have been glorious, though Lake Louise and Banff are becoming just a little low-brow, if you know what I mean."

"Who is this sunburned, well-traveled, cosmopolitan young man?" I inquired of the office boy. "Who is he?"

"That's Gus Spivis," answered the office boy. "He's our shipping cloik and he's just come back from a ten-day vacation up in the Catskill Mountains."

Hugh Wood

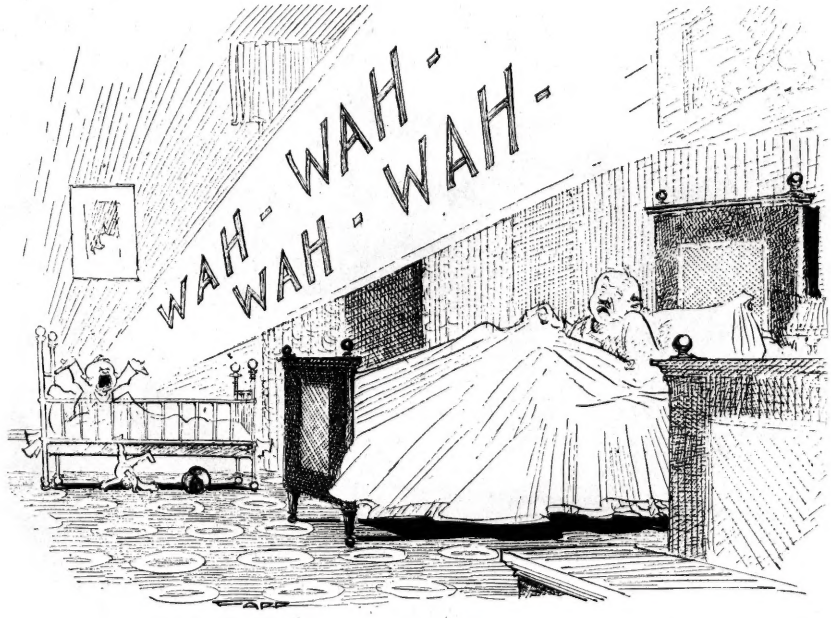
Good Game—All Win

"HEY, Bo, comin' to me and Winnie's wooden weddin'?"

"How come? Thoughtcha allus said that Winnie wooden wed ya!"

"You said it. That's wot me and Winnie's celebratin'!"

MRS. JONES—*Father loves to have me bring him to this old hill where he used to coast when he was a boy.*



"Four Bawls an' I Walk."

Tact

The successful canvasser is the one, who, when a woman opens the door, asks:

"Are you the man of the house?"

So little is heard of von Hindenburg that we're convinced he was elected vice-president of Germany.

EPILAUGHS

He didn't cross at the corner
And a street car met him half way
So the piece they played at his funeral
Was, "The End of a Perfect Jay!"

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

COP—*Now, then, that's enough! I'll hafta pinch ye fer impersonatin' an officer!*

Thin Lettuce and Tomato Man

ALL the world has heard of the Big Butter and Egg Man, and everyone can tell you the obvious earmarks by which he is recognized. But what of his antithesis, the Thin Lettuce and Tomato Man? How shall we know him?

Easily!

By his fruits we shall know him:

The Thin Lettuce and Tomato Man lives on a drug store snack—

Munches a salad sandwich and guzzles a malted milk.

Presses the paper napkin meticulously to his lips.

Tips scrupulously 10 per cent., computing the percentage by logarithmic tables.

Is seen once in a while in the Gothic Room of Schraft's.

Wears suspenders.

And an Adam's apple.

And a white tie.

And an umbrella.

And rubbers.

Reads the *Times*.

Takes deep breaths and a correspondence course.

Subscribes to *Physical Culture*, *American Magazine*, and the dogmatic theology of Doctor Frank Crane.

Cultivates will power, oral English and personality.

Weighs himself once a week.

Ventures an opinion.

Thinks success.

Talks success.

Wills success.

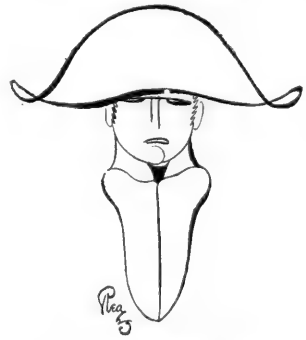
But the Big Butter and Egg Man is his boss!

DARK clouds gather—more and more—
How they grumble! How they frown!
Then, how still it is before
The first drop tumbles down!

How we hurry! Steps so fleet!
Sun is shining soon.
All 'cause Baby Boy won't eat
His berries with a spoon!

Harvey J. Duneka

Judge Nominates for the Hall of Fame



No. 1.—NAPOLEON

BECAUSE he made the name of Josephine famous; because he was not responsible for the phrase: "Lafayette, we are here!"; because he had a French pastry named after him; because without him the world would never have heard of Wellington; but most of all, because, thanks to his altruistic foresight, by simply putting our hat on sideways and sticking one hand into the bosom of our coat and the other behind us, we are able to imitate him perfectly.

This week's stereopticon lecture, "Terpischore," or, as they say in deah old Cambridge, "Dawncing." Please hand me that slide of the "Laocoon Group," Oscar. Thank you.

Having visited several roof gardens lately and studied the antics of the "roof hoofers," it grieves me to see how the "High Hatters," in their endeavor to hold a girl "differently," are proving the theory of evolution.

We have, for example, the lad who holds his girl friend's hand back over his shoulder, as illustrated here in said "Laocoon Group.' It's difficult to tell whether he's going to hit the lady or swing her out the window.

And the bouncing boy who holds his arm akimbo with the girl's hand against his left vest pocket, and stands about six feet away from her. Ye Gods!

Then there's the bozo who's so used to riding in a flivver that he can't stop jigging up and down when he gets on a dance floor.

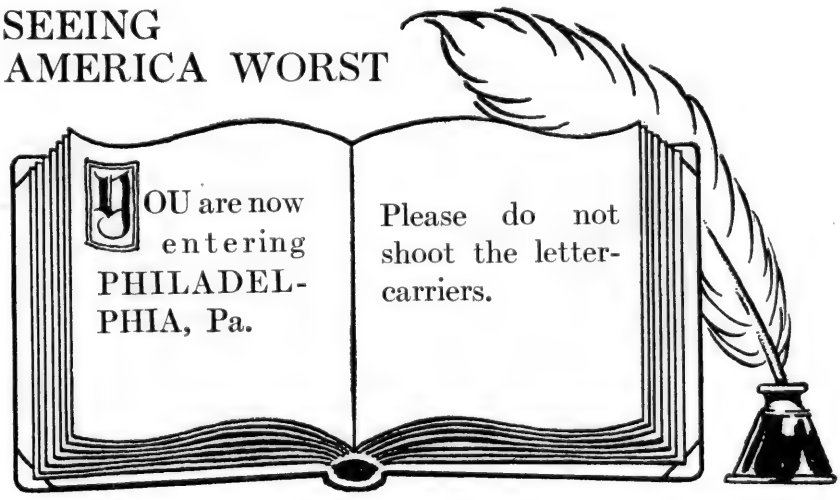
And the girls! Especially the clinging vines who look as if they were trying to do a back flip!

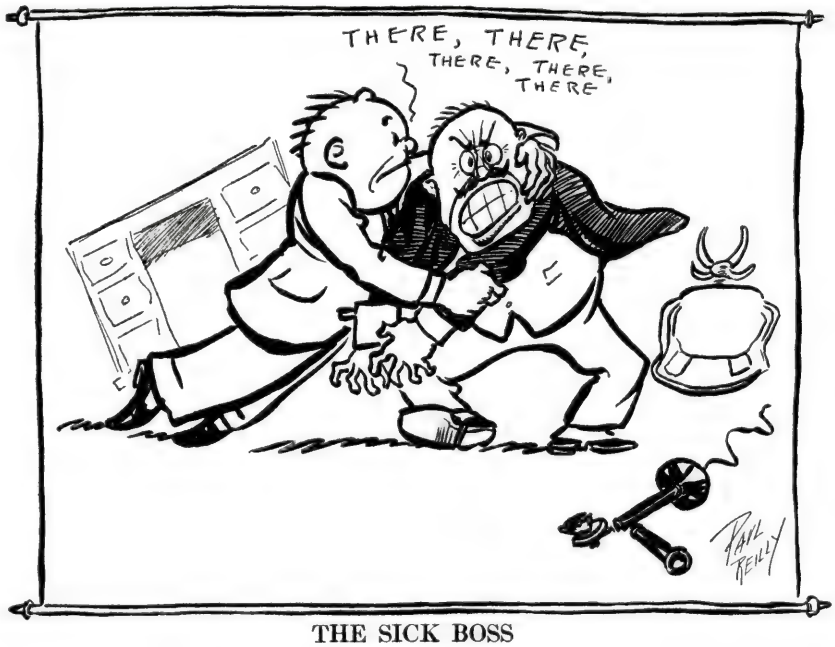
And they call it dancing!

The Six Best "Steppers":
"Sonya."
"I Miss My Swiss."
"I Want a Lovable Baby."
"Manhattan."
"Waiting for the Moon."
"All I Want is Love."

Judge Jr.

SEEING AMERICA WORST





THE SICK BOSS

Held his head and his arms for two hours

HANDBOOK FOR HUSBANDS

Containing

1,001 Excuses for Staying Out Nights

by Prof. Abeliar Glibtongue, A.B., C.D.

Continued from last week—read on!

THE *Sick Boss*—Boss had a fit just as I was leaving office—threw a telephone at me, breaking wire so I couldn't phone. Held his head and his arms for two hours—walked him for three hours more. He has these fits every once in a while. (Note—If the boss and his wife have called during the evening, see "Emergency Section.")

The Orphan—Was just going to get on a street car, when a woman asked me if I'd hold her baby for her a minute. Stood there for four hours and the woman never came back, so turned the infant in at the police station. (Note—If you can borrow a real baby for this excuse and take it home, there's nothing to it!)

The Hat Trick—On the way home went into a store to buy a hat. Tried on a derby and then couldn't get it off again. I only had $4 and the derby was six, so they wouldn't let me go out with it. No one could get it off and it came time to close the store so they left me sitting there with the hat. Finally found a flask of whisky in a desk. Took a drink and it knocked the hat right off! Climbed out the transom and came right home.

Attractive Gifts

CUT glass jug. It holds two quarts —but not long.

Waffle iron. It is easy to iron waffles with this.

Goldfish bowl. Two 14 k. fish included. (That reminds us: A restaurant proprietor once put a bowl of goldfish in the window and an inebriate came in and said: "Waiter, bring me a bowl of goldfish and some soda crackers!")

Stationary wrist watch. Purely ornamental. Hands painted on face at twenty minutes past eight (or any time you prefer). An ideal gift for the kind of people who display stage money to make out they are prosperous.

Inaudible dinner gong. A good alibi for cold soup.

Grapefruit set. Complete, including raincoat.

Sandwich barometer. To tell the kind of a sandwich without opening it.

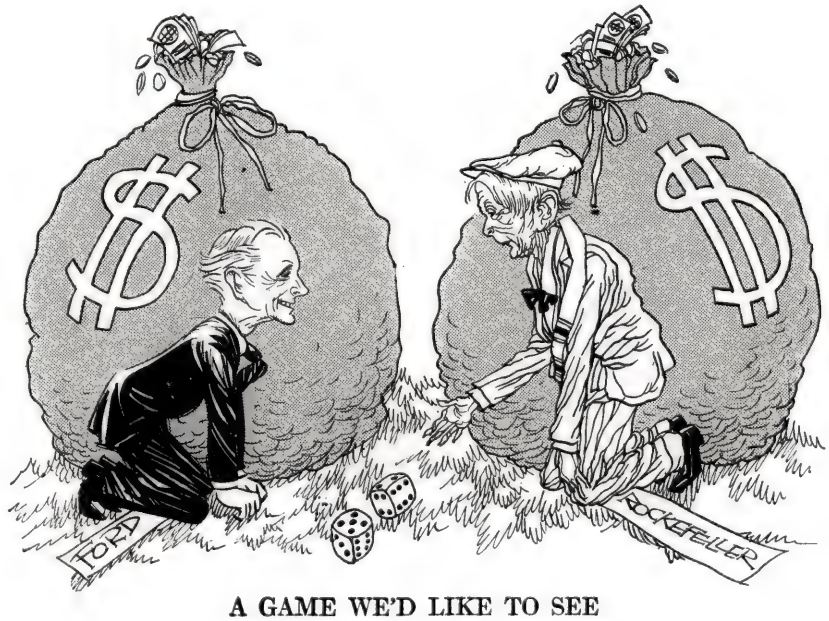
Smoked glasses. These are not spectacles. They are the kind of glasses people drink out of, and are smoked so that the busybodies cannot tell what is being served in them.

R. C. O'Brien

KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Thesaurus"

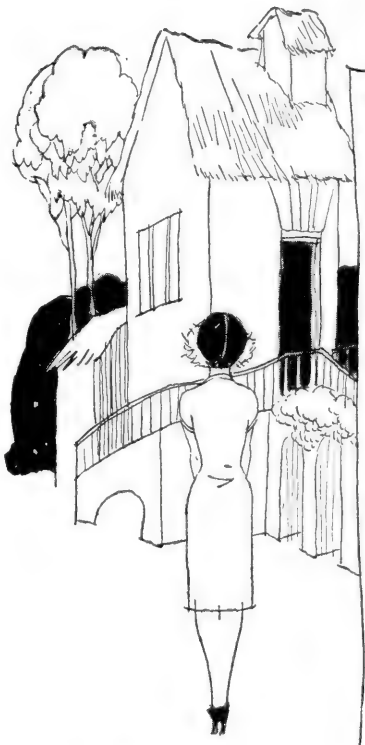
"His wife was thesaurus woman I ever saw."



A GAME WE'D LIKE TO SEE

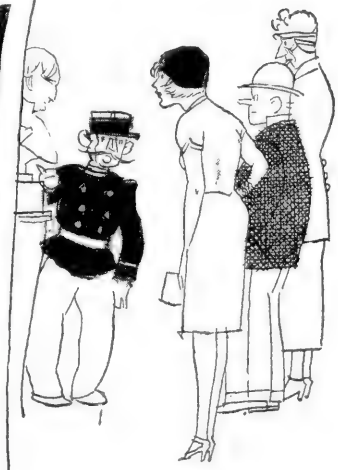
JOHN D.—*Henry—I'll shoot the works.*

Betty goes Abroad
in Paris



Betty visits the home of Marie Antoinette. She always thought it was a hotel.

Ride 'em cowboy! Betty takes a gallop on the Fountain of Neptune.



She doesn't know whether the guide is swearing at Napoleon or praising him.

They were taking movies at the Petit Trianon. The director told Betty they were doing a play with an historical background. She thought he should have said hysterical.

FATHER—*That's exactly how I would take on most of the time if I didn't inhibit.*

MORE AND OTHER

by Don Herold

A NEW YORK patrolman was saved from death the other day when a bandit's bullet was stopped by a pad of summonses in his pocket. This should teach policemen who have summonses in their pockets to keep them there.

* * *

Most people who go to beaches for their health already have nothing else.

* * *

The Watland Kennels at Ardsley now charge $5 a week for boarding a dog. If I remember correctly, that is exactly what it cost me to go to college—$3.50 a week for meals and $1.50 a week for room. Well, this does not prove anything.

* * *

I played a game of golf in 1911 and another one in 1921, and I can not say that golf has done me any good. I took a swim in 1923, and I don't think it helped me any. I played two games of tennis in 1924, and can see no improvement in my health. I don't think outdoor exercise is what it is cracked up to be, after all.

(*Continued on page 30*)

Men I Have Never Met

BELIEVE it or not, I have never met the man who parks his car right smack up against mine, making it necessary for me to get out and push his balloon-tired buggy a few feet backward or forward, whichever the case may be. Thus doing I have strained my intestines twice, fractured an esophagus and consistently become the laughing-stock of a gathering crowd. I am anxious to meet one of these B—— face to face, or fisticuffs to face.

Just last night it came to my mind, during a most exciting game of two-handed dominoes, that somewhere in the universe there must be men and women who paint the lovely black dots on the ivory surface of dominoes.

If any of you readers are engaged in this occupation or know anyone who is I wish you would put me in touch with them. I have a great idea for making a trick set which will enable the owner to be a consistent winner. We have marked cards, loaded dice—why not premeditated dominoes.

In all my gadding about I have never met a man whose occupation is painting dots on dominoes.

Funnybones

These red-hot mammas they sing about didn't get that way leaning over a cook stove.

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

The excited mechanic attempts to put out the fire in his garage.

CALLER—*Why, Bobby, what are you doing?*
"I don't know, but Mother does it when people downstairs are having a row."

A Bigger and Better Europe

APPROACHING Rome, one beheld a beautiful big sign: "This is Rome, Italy's Garden Spot. Stop Off and Hear the Nero String Ensemble. View the Seven Hills. Do as the Romans Do." Passing through Berlin's beautiful *Unter Den Linden*, one beheld countless *Deutscher* Orange Drink Stands and Hot Texas Wiener Counters.

Yellow taxis darted through Paris, which had been changed to Paris-town, "A swell place to bring up your kiddies." A new commercial hotel was going up opposite the station with 1,000 rooms and 1,000 baths and 1,000 cuspidors in the lobby for the development of fraternity among traveling salesmen. The Opera House was presenting the forty-fifth company of "Abie's Irish Rose" and the Rotary Club was paving the boulevards and putting up detour signs in the suburbs to make it seem more home-like.

London supported two new moving picture palaces, both of which could seat 4,000 people at a time. The first English Ku Klux Klan Chapter had just finished erecting a new monument to freedom. London boasted a big electric sign: "100 Percenters Welcome. Look London Longingly Over. Lots of Schools, Churches and Kiwanis Clubs."

"Visit Vienna, Home of the Vienna Roll," shrieked the billboard at the entrance to the metropolis. The old open coaches had been displaced by swift taxicabs. The mayor wore a frock coat and silk hat. The First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth National Banks were putting up new buildings and the Commercial Hotel was putting out a new business man's lunch for 60 cents.

But just then a huge wave lifted the Steamship *Ritzi* high in the air and when the ship descended, Lemuel K. Hastings, President of the Centralville, O., Chamber of Commerce, was rudely awakened from his glorious dream of putting Europe on the map. "Too bad," muttered Lem, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, "I was just going to build a $2,000,000 baseball park in Constantinople."

Cyrano

"Say, Crepuscule, these ancient Hebrews sure know their stuff."
"Howzat, Kindred?"
"Oh, they were all to the manna born."

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE OHM!"

Editor, Norman Anthony. *Associate Editors*, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. *Dramatic Editor*, George Jean Nathan.

O Temperance! O Morons!

To say that Mouquin's, in New York City, has closed its doors for good may not mean much to the reader who had never refreshed himself there. And, anyway, New York restaurants have a way of springing up and withering like the grass of the fields. Even Delmonico's. . . .

But Mouquin's was different. Almost every reader has known somewhere at some time a restaurant that tried to do what Mouquin's did. These places have all succumbed now to Prohibition or, if you please, to the competition of the quick lunch, the hip flask and the jazz cabaret. Very likely Mouquin's is, or was, the last—of the Mouquins.

* * * * *

Until within a few weeks it occupied, in Sixth avenue near Twenty-sixth street, a quaint two-story building, known to local antiquarians as Knickerbocker Cottage, about 100 years old. The brother of a former Mayor built it when that part of the city must still have been suburban, and lived in it for decades in the spacious ante-bellum manner. Even of late years, obscured and browbeaten by the hideous elevated, squeezed in between beetling loft buildings and flanked on either side by a wilderness of cheap shops, of which fifty per cent. are cafeterias and delicatessens, it retained its ancient dignity and grace of architecture and its original air of educated hospitality.

* * * * *

So much for the setting. When Henri Mouquin took it over in 1897 he was as much of an institution as the Cottage itself. Years before, he had established a restaurant in Fulton street, far down town, where Charles Dana and Horace Greeley were made to feel at home. And after them he had as devotees William Winter and James Huneker and Frank and Irvin Cobb and the Irwin brothers, Will and Wallace, and Arthur Brisbane and any number of others, living and dead—journalists and authors, lawyers and judges, merchants and brokers—known nationally. For Madame, or "Mother," Mouquin was quite as talented as a cook as her patrons were in other lines, and Henri's wines, especally his sparkling ones . . . ooh, la, la!

Of course, both Henri and "Mother" Mouquin have been dead now these many years but a son carried on their traditions and upheld their standards to the end.

* * * * *

There was never anything of the "lobster palace" about Mouquin's. Its location did not lend itself to this, but in any case Henri was too good a host to wish to trap his guests with imitation marble and gilt trimmings, or their equivalent, and to blackjack them with poor fare and high prices. He did up town what he had done down town, *i.e.*, catered to those with a sophisticated taste in foods and drink, to those who appreciated *personal* service, who remained faithful to individual waiters and demanded a certain degree of repose with their meals. And he didn't cater to them in vain. A large group of artists and critics made almost a club of his basement dining-room, and any evening throughout the establishment one found the tables occupied by veteran patrons, busy, in the phrase of Newell Martin, over "discreet and well-ordered dinners, such as are customary and lawful in civilized societies."

When Mouquin's was padlocked temporarily last winter two of its old waiters, despairing of finding another place like it, committed suicide by inhaling gas, and a great many of its patrons felt like doing the same thing for the same reason.

* * * * *

From any point of view, other than that of John Roach Straton and Wayne B. Wheeler, the demise of such an establishment is a public calamity. It is especially so in a country that is so rapidly forgetting the art of eating and drinking and is substituting therefor the quick lunch and the raw tipple and the shimmy. One couldn't breathe the atmosphere of Mouquin's even a little while without absorbing a lesson in temperance—not, of course, the temperance the reformers preach, which is the rankest sort of intemperance, but the temperance of civilized taste. One was encouraged there to neglect neither the palate nor the digestion, to sip and savor a drink rather than to sink it and shudder over it, to take one's time at table, and to salt a meal not with the latest hug-and-shuffle but with congenial conversation. In short, Mouquin's functioned in the midst of our industrial desert as a civilizing agent, one of the best and one of the last.

* * * * *

"We decided a month ago," the son of the founder recently told reporters, "that our day in that kind of restaurant was done. So we put up the to-let sign and we await a person to lease it. Prohibition? Maybe. At any rate, that kind of a restaurant does not pay any more. Why? I do not know."

May we venture an opinion? It is that Mouquin's and its prototypes are the victims not only of Prohibition but also of the fact that temperance of any sort, from morals to murder, in this country is taboo.

W. M. H.

"All things considered"

By George Jean Nathan

"THAT MAN IS SO STINGY HE TRIED TO SEND A NIGHT LETTER DURING THE ECLIPSE!!" "JUNE-DAYS"

I

THE new Shubert revue, "Gay Paree," is a good show; I enjoyed it a lot; but if you ask me why, I doubt that I'll be able to tell you. There is nothing in it that stands out particularly in my memory; I can't remember a single joke or tune; yet the thing as a whole gave me several amusing hours. That is at times the way with music shows. You find yourself agreeably diverted while you are in the theater and yet you no sooner hit the street again than you can't recall any more about the exhibit than you can about General Grant's mother-in-law or the topography of Polynesia. This, in a way, is a virtue in a music show, for when you can remember one or two things about such a show with perfect distinctness, it generally indicates that all the rest of the dingus was so bad that the one or two things stood out brilliantly in comparison. But where you can remember no one thing but only the show as a whole, the indication is that the boys in the box-office won't get a day off for some time to come.

Since inditing the above paragraphs my eyes have fallen upon a program of "Gay Paree" lying on my writing table. I lay hold of it and note that many of the ingredients that go to make the show a good one are certainly anything but revolutionary in novelty. There is, for example, the musical number called "The Queen of Sheba" that you can visualize with one eye shut; there is the number called "A Study in Legs," ditto; there is the number in which the girls represent various perfumes while a gent in a turban

MY UNCLE WAS A POLICEMAN — HE WENT WALKING IN YELLOWSTONE PARK AND GOT HIS FEET CAUGHT IN A CANYON!
POLICEMAN WALKING IN YELLOWSTONE PARK
KEITH'S

YE OLDE HOSPITAL
HE WANTED TO COMMIT SUICIDE SO HE BOUGHT SOME BOOTLEG WHISKEY AND PUT CAR-BOLIC ACID IN IT!
WHY DID HE BOTHER WITH THE CARBOLIC?
HIC!
"KEITH'S"

sings something about the purple, mystic Orient; there is Chic Sale's old vaudeville act; there is a song called "Wonderful Girl"; there is a number in which a Confederate and a Union soldier tell us in song that all is forgotten and forgiven; there is a "Venetian Night" number;

(*Continued on page 24*)

The Reel Stuff

By Carroll Carroll

Reminiscent

Don Q, Son of Zorro—Splendid Douglas Fairbanks.

Beggar on Horseback—An unusual comedy, wild and funny.

Sally of the Sawdust—Carol Dempster and W. C. Fields in a magnificently amusing farce.

The Unholy Three—Lon Chaney thrills again, but in a weak plot.

The Street of Forgotten Men—An intelligent exposé of professional begging.

Lightnin'—Overlong, rather dull, yet appealing at times.

A Slave of Fashion—How the home-town girl married the millionaire; as consistent as women's fashions.

Rugged Waters—Concerning love and our valiant coast guardians, otherwise a "western" in spirit and story.

Night Life of New York—As genuine as a $3 diamond.

The Paths of Paradise—Laugh! I nearly died!

A Teutonic Trifle

It begins to look as if Ernest Lubitsch, the imported German genius of the films, has become pretty well domesticated, or he couldn't have been inveigled into making such a thing as his latest. I received press announcements, "the new Lubitsch film coming soon to the Picadilly." I read paid advertisements to the same affect. I read articles praising the latest work of the infant industry's Wilhemstrasse operative. I lay awake nights contemplating the infinite possibilities of the great masterpiece I was about to witness. I bought myself a calendar and eagerly scratched off each day as it slipped slowly by, bringing the great picture closer to mine eyes. I invited

(*Continued on page 28*)

Boss (to pretty stenographer)—*Got anything doing for Sunday evening, Miss Gadfly?*

Stenographer (hopefully)—*No, not a thing!*

"Then try to be at the office earlier Monday morning, please!"

Employment Agent (to applicant)—*What's your work?*

Stammering House Painter—*Er-pup-pup-pup—*

Agent (writing)—*Drives motor boat—all right, we'll let you know when a job turns up.*

NADINE—*Bill says he likes you a lot.*

BETTY—*Who cares for the likes of Bill?* —NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

About Food

The orator eats tongue, we hear;
The Sultan, turkey lunch.
The undertaker drinks his bier;
The prize fighter his punch.
The acrobats spring water drink;
The toastmaster eats toast;
Surveyors eat their stakes, we think,
And editors, a roast.
Shoemakers have filet of sole;
The printer, pi and sweets;
The hungry actor eats his rôle;
While policemen munch their beats. —*Stanford Chaparral*

***

Prof.—When did Vergil die?

Stewed-dent—51 A. B.

"A. B.! Don't you mean B. C.?"

"No, sir. 51 A. B. Fifty-one years after birth."

—*Colgate Banter*

***

Lady (to man in booth)—Look here, you've been in there thirty minutes and haven't said a word.

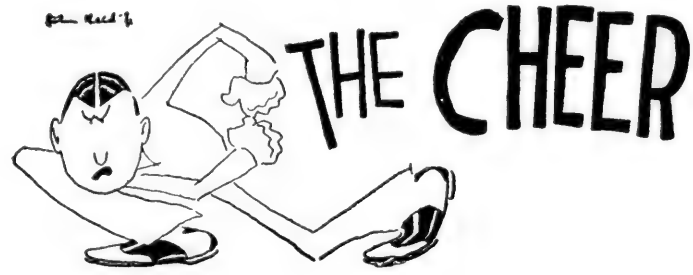
Man—I've been talking to my wife. —*Pitt Panther*

***

History Prof.—Mr. Brown, tell me what you know about the age of Elizabeth.

Brown (sleepily)—She'll be nineteen next week.

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon*



She I—I hate these winds.

She II—Why don't you wear silk?

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader*

"*Is your girl dumb?*"

"*Huh! I have to triple space my letters so it'll be easier for her to read between the lines.*"

—TEXAS RANGER

***

"What would a nation be without women?"

"Stagnation."

—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket*

Konkokt a Klause Kontaining *Picture*

Have you picture tomatoes yet?

—*Iowa Green Gander*

Bedtime Story

Ma-ma, what is the pretty co-ed do-ing?

She is stop-ping to shake her skirt down.

Why is she shak-ing her skirt down, Ma-ma?

So peo-ple can-not see her knees, Os-wald.

How can peo-ple see her knees, Ma-ma?

Be-cause she has her stock-ings rolled be-low them.

Why does she roll her stock-ings, Ma-ma?

So peo-ple can see her knees, dear.

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

***

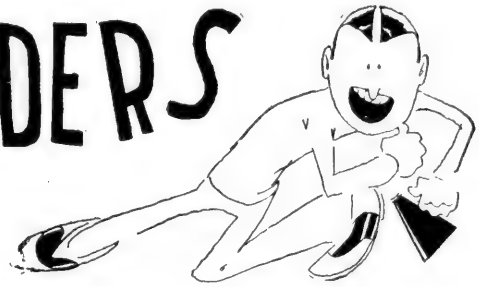
I gave her all the line I had,
To catch her was my wish.
Do not blame me for getting mad—
I lost the dog-gone fish.

—*Penn State Froth*

Kelly Tires.

—MICHIGAN GARGOYLE

LEADERS



"He said I was a thing to adore."
"I guess he meant a knocker."
"No, a belle."
—California Pelican

A Literary Joke

Joe—Great Scott, I've forgotten who wrote Ivanhoe.

Jo—I'll tell you if you tell me who the dickens wrote the "Tale of Two Cities." —*Cornell Widow*

"Oh, Bob, why did you ever fall for me?"

"I guess your line was just low enough to trip me."
—*Michigan Gargoyle*

Big Hearted—*I have a rare treat for you; here's some whisky twenty-five years old.*

Ungrateful—*It's mighty small for its age.* —Brown Jug

Topping Him Off

He—Won't you sit in this chair?
She—After you.
—*Washington Cougar's Paw*

"It's not the school," said the little boy to his mother; "it's the principal of the thing."
—*Lafayette Lyre*

Irate Golfer (after chicken has swallowed his ball)—*Lay, damn ye, lay!* —Penn State Froth

None but the brave deserve the fair—and none but the brave can live with some of them.
—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket*

Historical Note—George Washington married, and in due time became the father of his country.
—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon*

"How much are your rooms?"
"Two dollars up to seven."
"How much are they at six in the morning?" —*Colgate Banter*

He—*I just went out to get a breath of air.*
She—*Yes, I can smell it.*
—Penn State Froth

In the Studio

"Do you wish me to take your picture?"
"No; I wanted to get one."
—*Columbia Jester*

We earnestly hope that the sad school of experience will have no reunions. —*U. S. Navy Log*

He—I charged the German line at Meuse-Argonne.
She—I did the same to the French line at Madame Charlotte's.
—*Penn State Froth*

She—You know, I always want my own way in everything.
He—You could go on wanting it even after we were married.
—*Brown Jug*

A husband and wife sat on the same jury in Kentucky and—yes, you've guessed it—the jury disagreed.
—*Lafayette Lyre*

Konkokt a Klause Kontaining

Senior

I senior with somebody else last night. —*Iowa Green Gander*

COOK (looking for new employer's house)—*Can you tell me where Mrs. Jones lives?*
DESPERATE HOUSEWIFE—*Why—er*—this *is Mrs. Jones!*

The Hunt

THE hunt had been the talk of sporting circles for a month. Many had been the speculations as to whether any of the game actually survived. There were endless arguments pro and con, but the consensus of opinion had been that it was extremely doubtful whether a surviving specimen would be found. Still, when the morning of the great hunt dawned, more than 500 participants were at the appointed rendezvous eagerly awaiting the signal for the start.

At last the moment arrived. The master of the hunt sounded his siren and the 500 automobiles, with a clashing of gears and a sputtering of exhausts, swept out of the clubhouse grounds and lengthened out into a long procession down the highway. Thousands had come to view the start and to await the return of the hunters, and now they watched the cars gradually diverge into side roads until the last machine was out of sight. The hunt had been well planned. No bit of country within a radius of 200 miles would be left unexplored. As the last car disappeared the spectators retired to the clubhouse or to the links or to the tennis courts. There was nothing for them to do now but to await the return of the hunters.

Gradually, the day wore away. As evening shadows began to lengthen, the excitement of those who had remained behind was at a fever heat. Then singly, then in groups, out of the lanes and byways the returning automobiles began to converge upon the main highway. There they reformed into a triumphal procession. As this mighty parade of cars approached the spot whence the hunt had set out, those who awaited the home coming could see a limp shape hanging across the hood of the foremost car. The kill had been made! The hunt had been successful and the lucky hunter was bringing in his trophy. As this car drove up to the clubhouse and came to a stop, dusty and panting, the waiting thousands crowded around it to view the quarry. It was unique. There was not another like it in all the world. It was the last pedestrian! *Dalnar Devening*

"I'm tellin' ya final, Adolphus—let me catch yez snoopin' round that beauty parlor onct more and home I goes to Mother."

Impasses

WHEN two men get together, each of whom has just picked up Honolulu on his one-tube set.

When two women get together each of whom has just met "the handsomest *man*."

An actor and an author, each with a pocket full of favorable reviews.

A musician and a poet with a pocket full of favorable reviews.

Two golfers who have just made a hole in one.

Two women who've just gotten over appendicitis.

A couple of babies with the colic.
Carroll

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What They Laughed at in the Good Old Days

Correct Answer

Policeman—Where are you going at this time of night?

Wanderer—I'm—hic—going to a lecture. —*Judge, 1911*

***

"Old tight fist is a great benefactor. You'll have to admit he has done a lot of good things."

"I know it; I was one of them." —*Judge, 1908*

Bankrupt

"Everything she had went at auction."

"Public sale?"

"No; bridge." —*Judge, 1913*

***

Many a heated argument between a man and his wife is due to an old flame. —*Judge, 1914*

Zim in Judge, 1900.

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE

CASEY—*Phat do yez prefer as a chaser afther dhrinking whishkey?*

CASSIDY—*Annything but me woife.*

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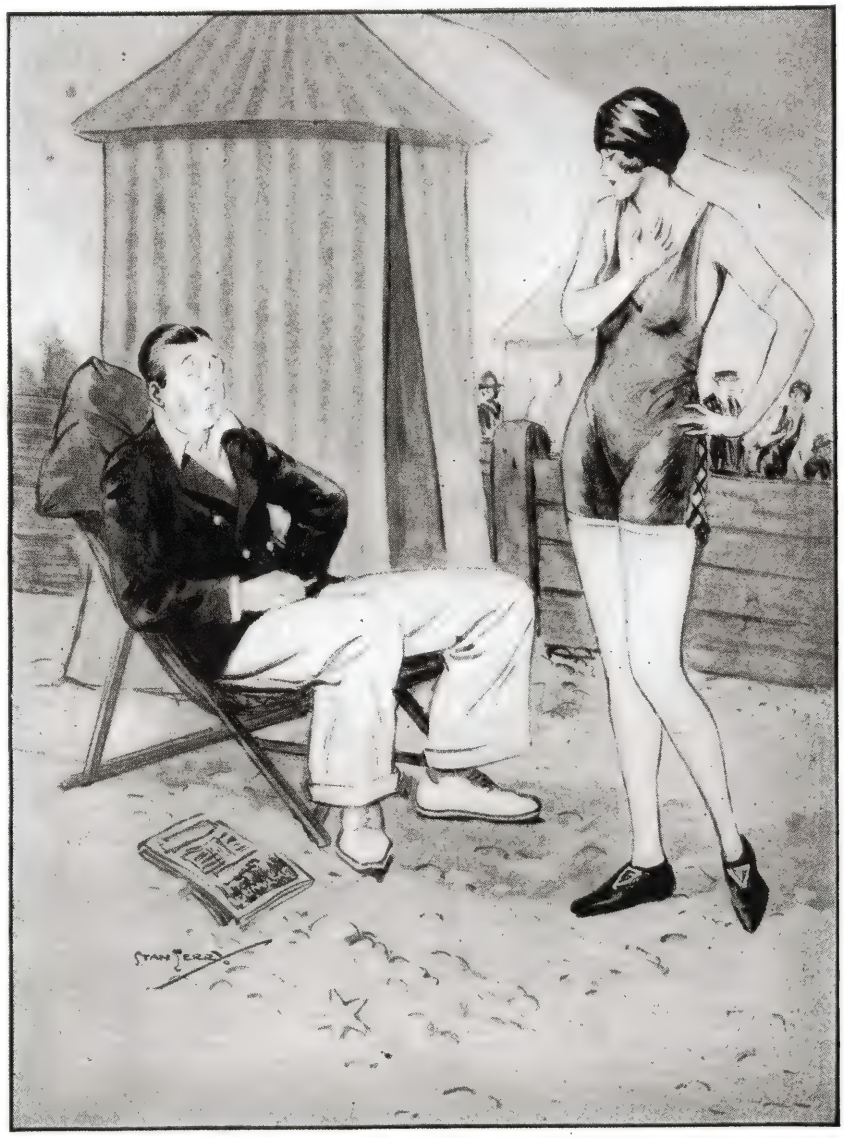


Theo—Feeling tired, are you, Keith? What did you have for lunch?
Keith—Breakfast! —*The Bystander*

Unpublished Testimonals

Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

Fermented Milk from Kondensed Kows

UP UNTIL me and my old man were about nine years old I grew so fast they used to call me "Barnacle." (What's funny about that?) Well, anyway, it used to hurt my feelings something awful to be set apart from other people—I just didn't belong, that's all. I was so husky the elevator operators never said "Next car, please," everybody just naturally let me have my own way and even the subway guards didn't talk back to me like they do to normal folks.

Finally, I was walking past the Statue of Liberty one morning when I saw a sign in the fire house window advertising your Fermented Milk from Kondensed Kows. Of course I didn't really know that's what the sign advertised as I couldn't read yet, but I bought some anyway and can now recommend kondensed milk to anyone suffering from overgrowth. After taking the stuff for a couple of weeks I felt so small I could have passed for a kondensed speech of the President.

A-1 Non-skid Shaving Cream

For a number of winters I suffered so from the cold that the park policemen had to shut the gates at night to keep me from freezing. On one of these escapades to North Bergen County I found a tube of your A-1 Non-Skid Shaving Cream—"2,680 seconds from lather to towel." Well, sir, inside of a few days I had the nicest assortment of towels you could imagine and haven't been cold a single night this month.

P.S.—I don't know about next winter, though.

"What induced you to steal this case of whisky?"
"I was 'ungry, sir!" —*Gaiety*

Sap's Simple Solution for Sagging Springs

Thanks for your solution. It wasn't the right one but you can keep the postage stamps anyways and I hope they was all stuck together yet like when I sent 'em. I suppose you think you was funny telling us to put a box under the bed and make us some box springs.

That ain't funny. It's ridiculous. I tried it and I know.

Finkel's Fostoria for Strong Children

While on a buck passing expedition in Mongolia last month one of our party was struck by a brilliant thought and we despaired of his life, particularly as it was around Christmas time, daylight saving. Well, you know, we had just passed Elkhart, Ind., when my wife said she smelled smoke and if we hadn't put it out I've never been the same girl since. Luckily the pop boy came around about the seventh inning with some of your Finkel's Fostoria for Strong Children and he certainly was.

Now I am a changed man and my wife says I am even more handsome then when I started, if at all. Your wash will be ready on Sunday and please leave only one quart of milk beginning last Easter and complete in three volumes. My best to Uncle Theobold and Aunt Lucretia.

Richard S. Wallace

"Sign up with me for some life insurance, fella."

"G'wan! If I did it would probably be my luck to live forever."

Tramp—Would you please subscribe half a crown to my fund for beautifying the village?

Native—But, my good man, how are you going to beautify the village?

"By moving on to the next village."

—*Pearson's Weekly*

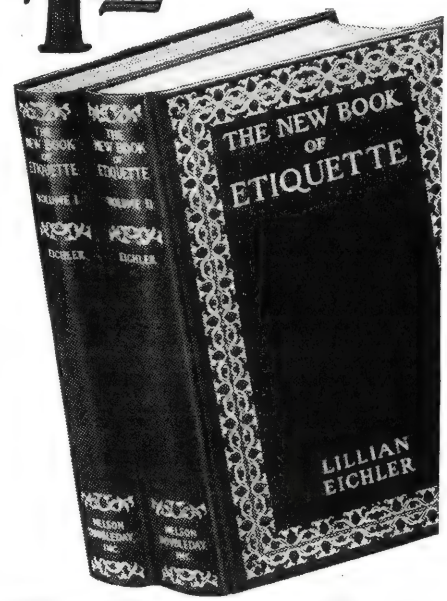
Final Proof

Brown—Do you think the dead can communicate with us?

Black—I know they can't. Once I managed to borrow a dollar from a Scotchman. A week later he died, and I haven't heard a word since. —*American Legion Weekly*

Seventy-five detectives were on guard at a New York wedding. I understand that the bridegroom took a melancholy consolation in the thought that it took seventy-five of them to do it. —*Passing Show*

Now Only $1.98



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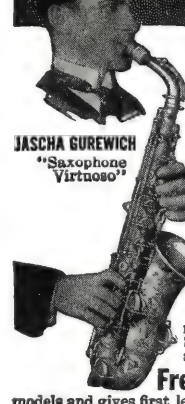

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KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Lavender"
"Lavender world laughs with you."

"All Things Considered"

(*Continued from page 16*)

there is the team of acrobats that does its stunts in one while the stage hands are setting the stage for another sketch. But no matter. The show is a swift, entertaining affair all the same. It is a better show, in point of fact, than the Shuberts' own "Sky High"; it is a better show than this year's "Scandals"; it is a better show by a hundred miles than the Shuberts' "June Days"; it is, indeed, a better show than even it, "Gay Paree," would seem to be from a listing of its materials. As I have said, don't ask me why. I don't know and can't figure out. But the fact remains that I had a good time at it.

P.S.—Among the chorus ladies listed in the program I find such baptismal delicatessen as Verdi Milli and Fern Le Roy. It is to the eternal credit of the chorus men that, in the program catalog, one has had the hitherto unheard of courage to put himself down simply as Marty Kolinsky.

II

"Oh, Mamma" is a fairly amusing French farce by Louis Verneuil. It suffers from the kind of acting that would get good notices in "Hazel Kirke." Aside from Edwin Nicander, the players assembled to merchant the farce go at the light Gallic humor as if it were something by Lincoln J. Carter. All the show needs, judging it from the acting, is a spectacular scene showing a locomotive dashing through a forest fire.

The farce is the conventional boulevard affair involving an old husband and a young wife. Verneuil has dredged up some mild humor from the fable, but it has a tough time, as I have observed, avoiding the feet of the actors. Miss Alice Brady is the star. She is a personable creature, but her talents are far removed from dramatic entertainment of this caliber. John Cromwell is a sad spectacle as the lover and Kenneth McKenna plays the rôle of the son in love with his ancient papa's bride with so laborious a "boyishness" that the carbonated Rollo Peters must look to his laurels. Nicander alone catches the spirit of the job assigned to him.

(*Continued on page 26*)

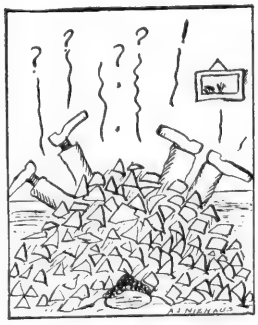
THE CUCKOO ISLANDS.
Discovered and Explored by Prof. Eggnoodle.
VICIOUS FOREIGNEXPORTER
Flock of Infantindustries, a native domestic animal, feeding behind the high protecting walls of Tariff plateau. These walls were built by Cuckoocongress to protect the animals from the vicious Foreignexporters who frequently attack them.
Bevy of soft-furred Highhats nibbling the choice Dessertgrass which grows on the Banquet table-land of Upper Intellectualia.
SQUAWK
ONK
SQUEAK
RATTLE
RATTLE
Group of Tin Lizzards, a noisy pestiferous viper with a dangerous rattle. They multiply very rapidly and are found by the thousands on the Cuckoo Highway.
The Cinema tree in the Shadowy Hollywoods of Filmland. Movie fans are made from its leaves. These leaves are always turned toward the Movie-star which emits a bright Klieglight only visible in Filmland.
NATE COLLIER

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 3

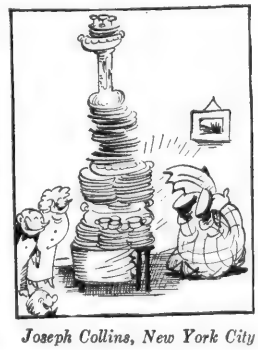
Submitted by Frank M. Ganzhorn, 313 West Thirty-first street, Baltimore, Md.

Some Runners-up

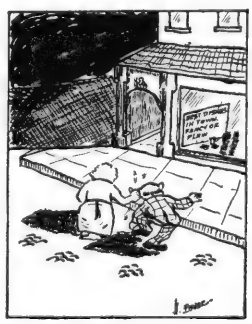


A. J. Niehaus, St. Louis, Mo.

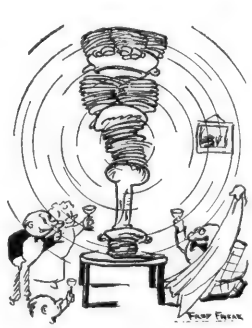
James J. Leindecker, Brentwood, Mt. Oliver, Pa.



Joseph Collins, New York City



Harold E. Ebuer, Elizabeth, N. J.



F. C. Frear, Ballston, Va.

John G. Karaffa, Bayonne, N. J.

"Best Thing I Ever Saw," Says TOMMY GALSON

(Leading Contender for the Bantamweight Title)

"I never undertook anything in my life with such an ambition as I did the Jimmy DeForest Boxing Course by Mail, owing to the fact that it is the best thing that I have ever had the good fortune to become familiar with. Heartiest and sincere congratulations for this mighty good work."

(Signed) TOMMY GALSON.

JIMMY DeFOREST

World's Greatest Trainer

Will Make YOU a Finished Boxer

My course starts at the very beginning and teaches you all the fundamentals of boxing. It embodies all I know based on my 35 years' experience, during which time I have trained more champions and real contenders than any other man living or dead. All the tricks I taught Dempsey, Firpo, Joe Gans, Pal Moore and a host of others are embodied in this one and only complete course in Boxing. Every blow, every defense, every trick, and new angle in ring strategy is explained and illustrated, so that anyone can readily understand and master them in a remarkably short time.

20 Weeks All You Need

In 20 short weeks you can be a finished boxer ready to take your place along with the best of the lads who are real drawing cards for bouts at the big fights. In a short time thereafter, by applying the principles I teach you, your name will rank as one of the clever boxers of your locality. Boys I am training, who a year ago were unheard of, are now fast approaching the championship titles and several of them are actually contenders.

You May Be One of the Lucky Boys I Will Train FREE

Each six months I select from each of the weight divisions the boys who make the best showing with my course. I pay their railroad fare and expenses to my Long Branch, N. J., training camp and finish off their training *in person* and *without cost*. Then "Tex" Rickard, greatest of all promoters, features them in bouts at his New Madison Square Garden in New York. This offer is open to everyone who takes the Jimmy DeForest Boxing Course by Mail.

Send for My New Book

"The Golden Age of Boxing" is the greatest book of its kind ever written. Contains 64 pages of remarkable photos of champions, and some of the greatest ring battles ever fought. Many are from my private collection and have never been reproduced before. It describes my course and outlines each week's work. It is a book you will want to keep as a permanent record. Send 10c today to cover cost of mailing and postage and this sensational book is yours to keep. Mail the Coupon NOW to JIMMY DeFOREST, 347 Madison Ave., New York City.

JIMMY DeFOREST BOXING COURSE
347 Madison Avenue, Box 634,
New York City.

Gentlemen—

Enclosed find ten cents, for which please send me your book, "The Golden Age of Boxing," without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

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SELLING *the* CONSUMER

BY

JOHN LEE MAHIN

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Authorities and Lecturers on Character Analysis

This set of books has regularly sold at $15.00 for the set. We have a few sets in stock, which are offered for quick sale at a 50% reduction or

only $7.50 per set

JUDGE
BOOK DEPARTMENT
627 West 43d Street New York

"Hang it! I put in ten years learning the ukulele an' now they give me a harp!"

"All Things Considered"

(*Continued from page 24*)

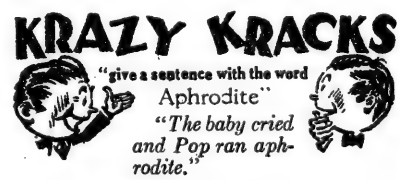
III

"THE FAMILY UPSTAIRS" is by a vaudeville hoofer named Harry Delf. This sounds as if it were going to be a roast. It isn't. The vaudeville hoofer has put some excellent observation into his play and not a little meritorious humor. If he could write a play as well as he can remember lifelike detail, he would be a fellow worth keeping an eye on. But he can't. His exhibit may therefore be divided into two parts. The first, composed of the details, is eminently praiseworthy; the second, composed of the play itself, is poor. But one is grateful for small favors after sitting around for nights at plays that have no more relation to actuality than a set of store teeth, and gratitude is cousin to amusement. Thus, although "The Family Upstairs" is certainly not a good play, its periodic virtues trick one into regarding it with a measure of favor. Miss Ruth Nugent and Miss Clare Woodbury are the best members of a cast that, in certain rôles, has been directed in such wise that the spectator is led to believe that he is watching not a play but a Charleston contest.

IV

Two gentlemen new to the producing business, named A. E. and R. R. Riskin, come forward with a drama by Elliott Lester, similarly unidentified to this department, entitled "The Mud Turtle." The mud turtle in point is a Minneapolis hash house waitress who is as proud of her physical purity as Casanova wasn't. Her name is Katie and she appears on the scene—a remote farmhouse—as the new wife of the son of the head of said house. The latter is a typical villain out of the old H. R. Jacob's theaters. He is as mean as a hyena with acute trigeminal neuralgia. He talks to Katie as if she were a character in "What Price Glory?"; he makes her wash dishes on her wedding night; he punches her in the jaw. Katie vows that before the play is over she will crown him. And therein lies the necessary suspense for the customers. To tell you how the sweet child gets even with the old sourball wouldn't make any better reading than it makes playgoing, so I shall refrain. Suffice it to hint that Katie makes a good job of it and comes out of the dramatic fracas at eleven o'clock with the diamond belt.

The play is crude melodrama, unskilfully handled. Miss Helen McKellar is the electric lights. This young woman seems to have utterly no idea of dramatic shading and emphasis. She pitches into the play at eighty-thirty like the Cannonball Express and plows through it until eleven under full steam. Almost every scene she plays in exactly the same intense key. She works so hard that she completely exhausts the author before the first act is over.



JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

(EDITOR'S NOTE—JUDGE *receives so many interesting letters that he wants to share them with his readers. Under this heading, therefore, he intends printing from time to time those letters to the editor, or extracts from them, that he considers pertinent. Correspondents who wish their letters printed should try to make them brief, and whether they sign them or not, should always accompany them with their full names and addresses.*)

He'd Walk a Mile for It

Dear JUDGE: I will start by telling why I am not a subscriber to JUDGE. I live in a small town where you have to walk about a mile for your mail, and as I pass through the city every day (Harrisburg), I get JUDGE at the newsstands. I would be willing to walk a mile for JUDGE if there was no other way, but the easiest way possible is my motto.

Seriously, I enjoy every page of JUDGE from the front to the back cover, including the advertisements. I especially enjoy the special numbers, as when the issue is given a special title, the jokes and humor throughout the entire magazine are in line with the title, and not only on the first few pages as is the case in most other magazines.

Keep up the good work. If I have cause to be grouchy Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, I am always sure of a good laugh Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, due to JUDGE.

Thanking you for the time I have taken by your reading this (if you do) and wishing you continued success, I am,

Very truly,
James G. Webster.

Enola, Pa.,
August 12, 1925.

A Regular Reader!

Editors of JUDGE:

Dear Sirs: Although not a subscriber to your superb little magazine, I have hardly missed a copy for two years. I am a Scientist, but find a necessity for occasional recreation in the form of humor and wit. JUDGE exactly fills the bill. Its optimistic tone, its clean humor and wit, its biting sarcasm concerning certain moronic laws passed by mass propaganda, applied to half-witted Congressmen and legislators, and above all, its clear-sighted, straightforward editorials, endeavoring to do away with some of our hypocritical prudishness, and our antagonism to advancement, are indeed gratifying and edifying.

All power to you, JUDGE, for only by ridicule of unsavory conditions may people come to realize the ridiculousness of those conditions, and endeavor to better them.

Very sincerely yours,
Chas. A. Bradshaw.

Seattle, Wash.,
August 13, 1925.

To Our Rescue

Dear JUDGE: Having just read in your issue of August 15 the letter of Mr. C. S. Bonesteel wherein he criticizes you severely on account of the editorials of your W. M. H., may I say that the portion of your magazine which affords me the most pleasure is none other than those same editorials. They are rich in humor and pertinent to the problems of the day. Mr. Bonesteel, as his letter plainly shows, is partial to the Eighteenth Amendment, calling it, for lack of a better name, "Progression." Such it may be, but I fail to see progression in a law that has been accused of causing all the crime and traffic in dope that the Eighteenth Amendment has been accused of. May the pilots of your magazine continue on in the same channel of editorials and perhaps in the near future we may be able to enjoy that liberty for which our forefathers fought so valiantly and our present "dictators" so surreptiously took away without so much as a question as to the right or wrong of it. In conclusion, I like your weekly bit of humor, and beg to remain,

Yours, till Niagara Falls,
Harry S. Thompson.

Los Angeles, Cal.
August 15, 1925.

Amazing New Method Destroys Hair Growth —Forever!

Free book tells how to apply Dr. F. C. Irwin's wonderful new treatment for the PERMANENT removal of superfluous hair—and how to accomplish in your own home at insignificant expense as effective results as achieved by the biggest electrolysis specialists. No charge for this book—send for your copy TODAY!

Lifts Out Hair Roots Easily—Safely

Just think of spreading a soothing balsam over your skin and removing it in a few seconds to find every single objectionable hair lifted right out by the very root—and the skin left exquisitely smooth and white!

Just think of saving yourself the time, trouble and expense of electric needle treatments—and acquiring the clear, velvety, hairfree skin you so much desire right in the privacy of your own home and with very little effort or cost!

Almost sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? Yet it IS true! Hair on chin, on cheeks, on arms, on legs, can now be positively removed—roots and all—in an amazing scientific way that actually destroys the growth for good!

Dr. Irwin's astonishing new Treatment for the Permanent Removal of Superfluous Hair is unlike anything you have ever seen or heard of before. It is not a sulphide paste, powder, cream or lotion, not a pumice, not a razor, not an electric needle. It is an entirely new discovery—extraordinary—yet so simple that any woman can use it with ease and comfort.

There is nothing messy about this new method. No fuss—no irritation—no danger—no disgusting odors. The whole process is quick and gentle, absolutely safe and harmless, almost as easily applied as cold cream and marvelously effective the very first time it is used. Beauty experts recommend it. Women heartily acclaim it. In case after case it is proving that here, at last, is one safe and sure way to real and lasting relief from disfiguring, superfluous hair.

The reason for the marvelous results achieved is simply that Dr. Irwin's Treatment provides a thoroughly scientific and effective method of attacking the real CAUSE of unwanted hair growths. It gently but persistently eliminates the very roots with the hair and thus acts to destroy the growth itself and bring new beauty to the skin.

FREE—"The New Way to Remove Superfluous Hair Permanently!"

The whole fascinating story of this new method, what it is, how it works, what it will do for you is told in this interesting booklet, illustrated with actual photographs. We will be glad to send you a copy absolutely free and without obligation. See for yourself how easily, quickly and inexpensively superfluous hair troubles can be removed forever. Send for your copy of this FREE book TODAY! F. C. Irwin, M. D., Dept. 69, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

**F. C. Irwin, M. D., Dept. 69,
730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.**

You may send me, free and without obligation, your interesting little book, "The New Way to Remove Superfluous Hair Permanently."

Name.....

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HOW YOU MAY GET JUDGE *for* YOURSELF

JUDGE
627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Date.....

CHECK HERE — Herewith find $5.00 (check, cash, money-order) for one year's subscription to JUDGE.

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USE THIS "DO-IT-NOW" COUPON NOW

GET THIS

RADIO HANDBOOK

In "How to Build Your Radio Receiver" by Kendall Banning and L. Cockaday, you will find complete constructional diagrams, specifications, photographs and instructions for building seven sets. Each of these sets has been selected as representative of its circuit because in Popular Radio Laboratory tests it proved the best for distance, selectivity, tone, reliability and all around satisfaction. This Handbook has regularly sold for $1.50 the copy.

Aside from the feature of economy, there is a thrill and satisfaction that only comes from building your own set.

You may have a copy of this most practical Handbook sent postpaid for the special price of

$1.00

POPULAR RADIO
With which is combined The Wireless Age
627 West 43d Street **New York**

ART PRINTS

"HELP YOURSELF"
By Enoch Bolles

An attractive reproduction in full color, from the engraver's original plates, printed on Heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches.

Prints will be sent carefully packed and postpaid upon receipt of

50 Cents each

Other Art Prints

"THE CURSE OF DRINK"	25 Cents
"SATURDAY NIGHT" . .	50 "
"THE SPANISH BARK" .	50 "
"BE YOURSELF"	50 "
"THE BUSYBODY" . . .	$1.00

JUDGE
ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 West 43d Street **New York**

Butler—Did you lay Sir 'Enery's dinner suit out on the bed last night?
New Valet—Yus, and with 'im inside it! —*Tatler*

A Teutonic Trifle

(*Continued from page 17*)

a party of sixty or seventy friends to accompany me to see it. I finally decided to go alone. I was almost a nervous wreck ere it arrived. I stood before the theater coaxing and cajoling the door man, the manager, the ushers, the projection-room gentleman, the nurse in the hospital for emergency cases and the girl in the little booth out front for financial purposes to do their utmost to rush the presentation. And then I saw "Kiss Me Again."

Here is a picture, the value of which is as overestimated as Florida real estate. Here is a film that any one of five hard-working American directors could and would have made equally as well and there would not have been thunderstorms, tornadoes, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, pyrotechnic displays, financial panics, tidal waves, cloud-bursts, bank holidays, murder, mahem and arson to herald it.

Here is just another infernal triangle picture, done better than usual (but what was the use?), almost entirely in close-ups, this constituting the famous Lubitsch technique, I believe the large shots in the industry (or is it an art?) call it.

Here is Monte Blue with the expected overdose of lipstick and the usual fond and reverent love for Marie Prevost. This time she's his wife. Here is the story of a woman who doesn't think she got such a bargain in husbands. She goes shopping for another and in a wink corrals a musician. *Now!* Guess what happens. You're *right!* She *does* discover that her first choice was the right one. And it *is* her hubby who, with the shrewdness of a continuity writer, makes her see the light. Oh, dear, oh, dear!

For Herr Lubitsch may it be said that Monte Blue does better work than has been his wont in the recent past, and Marie Prevost bats way above her average. Of the far-famed

KRAZY KRACKS
"give a sentence with the word Python"
"I'd rather eat python ice cream."

Lubitsch subleties there are a few and they are the saving grace of the picture. But why Lubitsch should, or should be forced to, waste his time and talent on such a flimsy film, is as inexplicable to me as a taste for pickled eels. Ernst has an imposing list of exceptionally fine pictures to his credit. "Kiss Me Again" fits in way down near the bottom of it.

To further hornswoggle the inveterate moviegoer, we have another, a boob thriller if there ever was one, surrounding a title that positively means nothing. Hail! "The Halfway Girl."

Doris Kenyon wanders through the delirious doings of the tale in a daze induced, no doubt, by the fact that she couldn't understand the idiocies of which she was, perforce, such an intrinsic part. She is seen in company with Lloyd Hughes, who isn't fussy what he's in as long as he gets a chance to play a little degeneracy. Hobart Bosworth does, however, appear fully clothed, making this the first picture on record in which he isn't in his heavy woolen undies most of the time. The farthest south in æsthetics is Hobby with his shirt off.

The big blow-up comes toward the end of "The Halfway Girl" when a perfectly innocent ship is shot to atoms to appease the great god cinema. When I saw them loading the boat, early in the happenings, with cases carefully labeled "matches," and kegs sedulously stenciled "high explosives" and a caged leopard thoughtfully marked "wild," I figured everything would go up in smoke. I was right! Anything further you may be desirous of knowing about "The Halfway Girl" you may ascertain by seeing the darned thing yourself—and that's final.

Bebe Daniels now gives to a waiting world her latest, "Wild, Wild Susan," completely titled by the Honorable "Bugs" Baer, humorist in waiting to Herr Professor William Randolph Hearst. Miss Daniels is seen as the tomboy daughter of a wealthy family. Miss Daniels will not marry the man her daddy chooses for her. Miss Daniels gets an opportunity to wear men's clothing. Miss Daniels looks terrible in them. Miss Daniels finally *does* marry into the right family. The gentleman's name is Rod La Rocque. Miss Daniels is, in spite of all this, heaven be praised, better than usual. Mr. "Bugs" Baer commits a few funny lines and many, as we tennis players say, good tries. That'll be all for to-day, folks. Come around next week and we'll have some more fun.

Next time, "The Goose Woman" and "Not So Long Ago"—others.

I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

— *Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C*

Then I Gave My Husband The Surprise of His Life

"Don't be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You are silly to even think about it. Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and *without a teacher*. It's impossible."

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For *they* could entertain their friends and family . . . *they* were musicians. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me so much that finally, half-frightened, half enthusiastic I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting my husband know.

Imagine my joy when the course arrived and I found that it was as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master it! My progress was wonderfully rapid and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which *anyone* can follow with ease.

Pick Your Course

Piano	Harmony
Organ	and Composition
Violin	Sight
Drums and Traps	Singing
Banjo	Ukulele
Tenor Banjo	Guitar Hawaiian
Mandolin	Steel
Clarinet	Guitar
Flute	Harp
Saxophone	Cornet
'Cello	Piccolo
Trombone	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Automatic Finger Control	

One day not long after my husband came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

If you, too, like music . . . then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

Don't hesitate because you think you have no talent. Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a wonderful "Musical Ability Test." You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument thru this short-cut method. Send the coupon. The Demonstration Lesson showing how they teach, will come AT ONCE. Address the U. S. School of Music, 29 Brunswick Bldg., New York. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
29 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your Special Offer I am interested in the following course:

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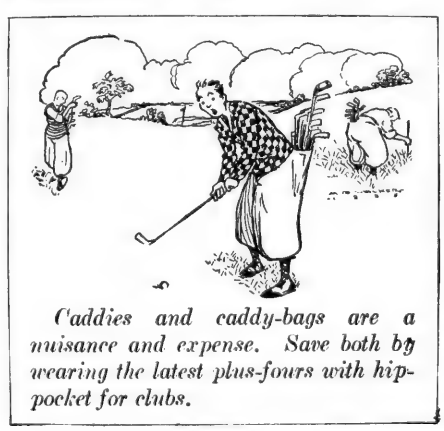
Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....



Caddies and caddy-bags are a nuisance and expense. Save both by wearing the latest plus-fours with hip-pocket for clubs.

A PERFECT NOSE

shaped at home while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is the Genuine and most comfortable Nose Adjuster, absolutely guaranteed. Highly recommended by physicians. Winner of Gold Medal (Feb., 1923). Write for FREE Booklet. **The ANITA CO. Dept. 989, 529 Springfield Ave., Newark, N.J.**

$75 Every Week EASY I Show You How

Hundreds earn amazing profits selling finest shirts ever offered at $4.95 for three. You can make $10 to $15 every day making calls in garages, offices, factories, etc. They sell fast on sight.

FREE Samples — Send Name You don't need experience. J. E. Burns earned $40 in half an hour. Hundreds earn big incomes. Simply send name for FREE outfit. But act quick. Address Charles Hope,

FASHION WEAR SHIRT COMPANY, Dept. L-281, Cincinnati, O.

Father—It's absurd! Bridge parties, dances, night clubs, theaters, night after night. You're becoming a regular child of the devil!
Daughter—Oh, father! —*Bystander*

More and Other

(*Continued from page 12*)

As long as there are kimonas, the divorce laws should be pretty liberal.

* * *

I have never been in a guillotine, but I get the same feeling when my fountain pen rolls off the desk and sticks in the floor.

* * *

A man from Newberry, Ind., neglected to raise the window in his room in an Indianapolis hotel the other night and was asphyxiated by the odor of hotel soap.

* * *

Next to carrying home a new hat in a paper sack, the thing that humiliates me most is eating lunch out of a shoe box on a train.

* * *

One fine thing about living in New York: The papers never say, "It is an opportunity which seldom comes to the people of a city the size of New York."

* * *

Very few books are read.

* * *

There are 35,000,000,000 strangers in the world, to all of whom it is comparatively easy to be nice.

* * *

There is nobody so uninteresting as a man in a hurry.

* * *

The road to hell is thick with taxicabs.

* * *

Marry one woman and you get six.

* * *

Funerals are a lost art in the big cities.

* * *

Many people pride themselves on getting by, who should only *thank God*.

A Rib Tickler

"Has a keen sense of humor, hasn't he?"

"Rather. A banana peel all by itself will make him laugh."

—*American Legion Weekly*

While There's Hope There's Life

"John, I hope I didn't see you smiling at that creature who just passed."

"I hope you didn't, m'dear."

—*Sydney Bulletin*

***

At Epping recently a milk wagon overturned, causing eighty gallons of milk to be spilled on the road. I understand that a well-meaning gentleman who attempted to console the owner by quoting an apt proverb is getting on as well as can be expected. —*Passing Show*

Caddie—Cheer up, sir, there are worse players than wot you are.
Dud Golfer—Oh, well, that's a little consolation, anyway!
"Yus, but they stays in the club 'ouse an' plays bridge."

—*London Opinion*

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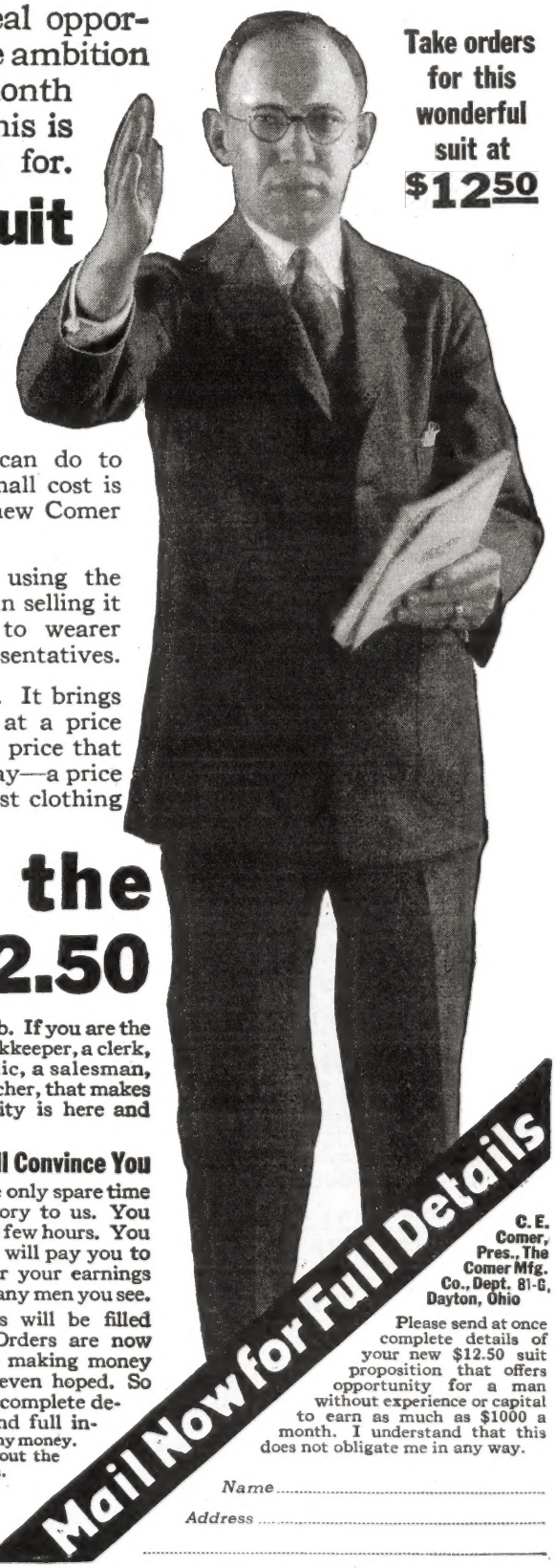
If you are looking for the big chance—your real opportunity to make money—this is it. If you have the ambition and the vision to go after $500 to $1,000 a month profit for yourself, then you will realize that this is the one opportunity you have been looking for.



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Now read this carefully. Get it! On the right is a picture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your locality need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

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Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is amazingly strong, durable, tough and long-wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit.

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And now we're making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit.

And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives.

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A Miracle Suit at the Amazing Price of $12.50

Think. $12.50 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. A million suits a year is our objective. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn $30 or $40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make $1000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

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If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn $10 to $20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

WRITE TODAY Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

C. E. Comer, President
The COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. 81-G, Dayton, Ohio

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Please send at once complete details of your new $12.50 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as $1000 a month. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

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"The fact is, doctor, I see specks in front of my eyes!"
"Why not take 'em off?"

—*London Opinion*

Key to Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 40

Horizontal

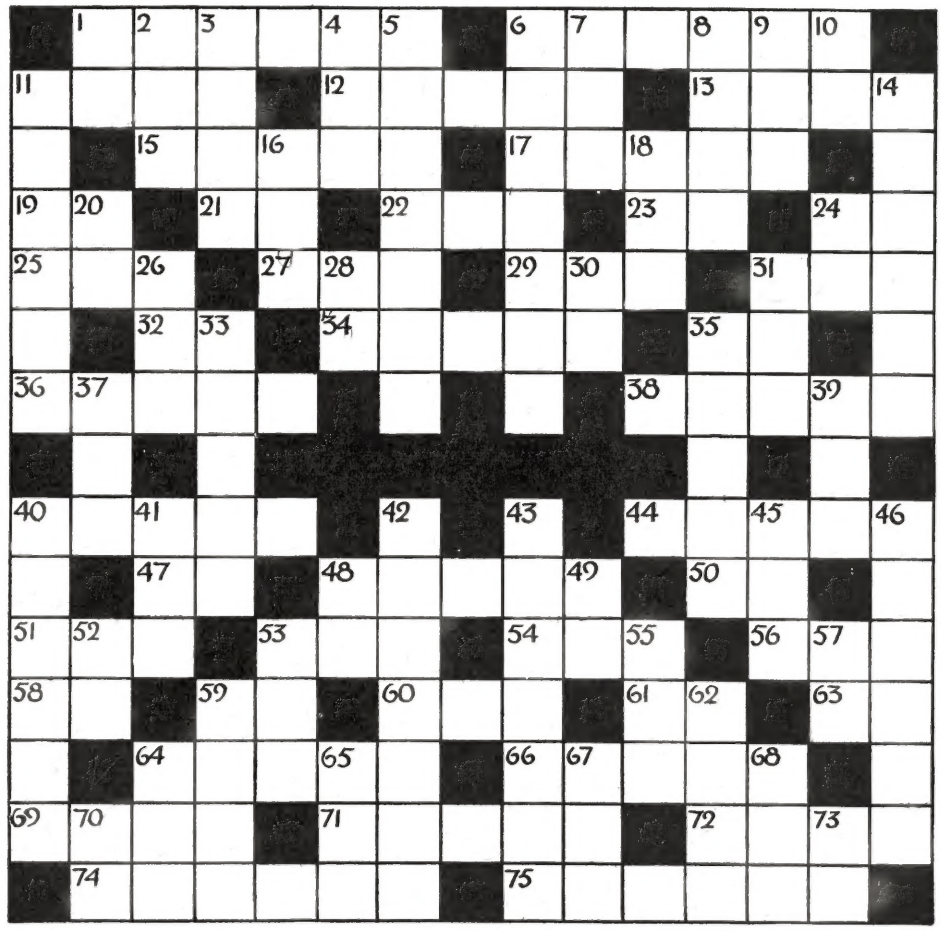
1. A kind of business recently carried on in Tennessee.
6. This precedes every bona fide September morn.
11. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent. (Come on, you reformers!)
12. Things that trains run on. (Nothing to do with schedule.)
13. A revenue officer's party.
15. Widows may be grass, but they're never this.
17. A subtle k'nd of sarcasm.
19. A low note (This is quite different from a vulgar letter.)
21. The king of Bashan.
22. Name of a book by Rudyard Kipling.
23. Wet Smacks (abbr.).
24. The kind of a man whose mistakes are buried (abbr.).
25. A pronoun of the third person.
27. A clergyman's total of one and one.
29. You don't have to sit for your portrait to be done in this.
31. This is related to the fatted calf. (Ankle is a five-letter word.)
32. An exclamation of surprise, delight, pain, contempt, pity, or what have you?
34. Dessert in the Army.
35. Our old friend the sun god.
36. Pertaining to birth.
38. A clause of a sentence. (Nothing like the kind that grows on a cat.)
40. Something waiters are supposed to do.
44. What a man does when his wife starts talking.
47. That is (abbr.).
48. These can make about thirty-six holes in one pair of golf socks.
50. Printer's measure.
51. This is what three policemen with small feet are.
53. The kind of a guy who lends you a couple of cart wheels till pay day.
54. When this is used the son sets with difficulty.
56. To be ill.
58. Pronoun.
59. Arabia (abbr.).
60. It takes a lot of digging to get this.
61. This is another exclamation. (See No. 32 horizontal.)
63. An abbreviation for the title of the guarder of the "Golden Gate."
64. This is what men do when they have a nightmare.
66. This is what Sampson was because he brought down the house.
69. This is always under foot.
71. Small bodies of water completely surrounded by land.
72. Manner or appearance.
74. The part of a flower that holds the pollen.
75. Place for sailing schooners.

Vertical

1. The cry of a Greek kitten.
2. Three-fifths of a musical instrument to the strains of which many a man has marched to battle.
3. A famous fiddler.
4. Before.
5. One hundred per cent. Easterners.
6. Marry in haste and repent with this
7. United States Regulars (abbr.).
8. Ash cans.
9. What women do when they have something to say.
10. A note of the diatonic scale.
11. Well-known tyer of knots.
14. Patron Saint of Tennessee. (Correct this sentence.)
16. This makes people egotistical.
18. This old bird seldom gets home till morning.
20. Exclamation of the hard of hearing.
24. To execute.
26. Something girls would rather do than dance.
28. Take notice (abbr.).
30. Part of the verb to be.
31. Famous electrical equestrian.
33. This much of a loaf is better than no vacation at all.
35. The kind of a fellow who does everything and everybody.
37. A citizen of Africa and Tennessee.
39. Where cats go at night.
40. Something a fish peddler does when business is good.
41. To free.
42. This man was very wise, but he sure was a bear for punishment.
43. Some are silver and some are loose.
45. A girl's name.
46. A harem-scarum fellow.
48. Famous pastry cook.
49. In like manner.
52. Dutiful spouse or souse (abbr.).
53. Prefix made famous by Mr. Volstead.
55. This goes with a dash.
57. If you got No. 30 vertical this will be easy.
59. An enclosed space.
62. Man. (Latin.)
64. A speck.
65. This is always monkeying around.
67. Cracked Silician Artichokes. (Try and get 'em!) (Abbr.)
68. Place where Spanish fish are found.
70. An abbreviation for a place on the road to knowledge.
73. Half of a printer's measure.

JUDGE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLES

Number 40



JUDGE received hundreds of letters from readers asking to have crosswords again, so here they are. And JUDGE is still paying $25 for each puzzle printed on this page. Make 'em funny and address them to the Crossword Puzzle Editor.

Puzzles will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed.

The above puzzle was contributed by T. R. Orstborne, Lowell, N. C.

Neither ever saw a human being before!

A BABY BOY and a baby girl had been cast up by the sea, on opposite shores of a desert isle. They had grown up alone and apart, each living a primeval life.

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"His stories are bully—his sea is foamy and his men have hair on their chests."—Booth Tarkington.

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